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Don't be deceived into buying inferior seed. Buy the Genuine Kelley Seed. **THE IMPROVED STANDING UP BURLEY**, with the **LONG POINTED LEAVES**, which gives it from three to four inches more length.



The old Standing Burley had a round pointed leaf, but B. L. Kelley and Sons, by careful breeding and crossing have developed their present **STANDING UP BURLEY** with the long pointed leaf, which gives it more length and more weight, still retaining its bright color, which has made this seed famous throughout the United States.

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LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.

Members of the Burley Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association



The Old Order in Rome

Signor Giolitti, former Premier of Italy, arriving at the opening of the Chamber of Deputies to hear the declaration of the new order in Italian affairs from the new Premier Benito Mussolini, "Il Duce" of Fascism.

NICE CITY RESIDENCE FOR SALE

I wish to sell privately, my residence on Danville Avenue, just outside the City Limits in Lancaster.

Modernly equipped with **CITY WATER AND LIGHTS. HOUSE OF EIGHT ROOMS, WITH BATH, ALL IN GOOD REPAIR. TWO ACRES OF GOOD LAND, ORCHARD, GOOD BARN AND OTHER OUT BUILDINGS.**

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THE NATIONAL BANK OF LANCASTER.

S. C. DENNY, Cashier.

Capital \$50,000. Surplus \$50,000.
Honor Roll Bank

one of a small but energetic faction opposing our friend in Wainwright, his own town. ("What are you surprised about?" inquired Dowden. "Don't you know what our folks are like, yet? If St. Paul lived in Wainwright, do you suppose he could run for constable without some of his near neighbors getting out to try and down him?")

The head and front (and backbone, too) of the opposition to Beasley was a close-fisted, hard-knuckled, risen-from-the-soil sort of man, one named Simeon Peck. He possessed no in-



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considerable influence. I heard; was a hard worker, and vigorously seconded by an energetic lieutenant, a young man named Grist. These, and others they had been able to draw to their faction, were bitterly and eagerly opposed to Beasley's nomination, and worked without ceasing to prevent it.

I quote the invaluable Mr. Dowden again: "Grist's against us because he had a quarrel with a clerk in Beasley's office, and wanted Beasley to discharge him, and Beasley wouldn't; Sim Peck's against us out of just plain wrongheadedness, and because he never was for anything nor for anybody in his life. I had a talk with the old mutton-head the other day; he said our candidate ought to be a farmer, a 'man of the common people' and when I asked him where he'd find anybody more 'a man of the common people' than Beasley, he said Beasley was 'too much of a society man' to suit him! 'The idea of Dave as a 'society man' was too much for me, and I laughed in Sim Peck's face, but that didn't stop Sim Peck! 'Just look at the style he lives in,' he yelled. 'Ain't he fairly lapped in luxury? Look at that big house he lives in! Look at the way he goes around in that big car of his—and a nigger to drive him, half the time!' I had to holler again, and, of course, that made Sim twice as mad as he started out to be; and he went off swearing he'd show me, before the campaign was over. The only trouble he and Grist and that crowd could give us would be by finding out something against Dave, and they can't do that because there isn't anything to find out."

I shared his confidence on this latter score, but was somewhat less sanguine on some others. There were only two newspapers of any political influence in Wainwright, the Despatch and the Journal, both operated in the interest of Beasley's party, and neither had "come out" for him. The gossip I heard about our office led me to think that each was waiting to see what headway Sim Peck and his faction would make; the Journal especially, I knew, had some inclination to coquette with Peck, Grist, and Company. Altogether, their faction was not entirely to be despised.

Thus, my thoughts were a great deal more occupied with Beasley's chances than with the holiday spirit that now, with furs and bells and wreathing mists of snow, breathed good cheer over the town. So little, indeed, had this spirit touched me, that, one evening when one of my colleagues, standing before the grate-fire in the reporter's room, yawned and said he'd be glad when tomorrow was over, I asked him what was the particular trouble with tomorrow.

"Christmas," he explained, languidly. "Always so tedious. Like Sunday."

"It makes me homesick," said another, a melancholy little man who was forever bragging of his native Duluth.

"Christmas," I repeated—"tomorrow!"

It was Christmas eve, and I had not known it! I leaned back in my chair in a sudden loneliness, what pictures coming before me of long-ago Christmas eves at home!—old Christmas eves when there was a Tree. . . .

My name was called; the night city editor had an assignment for me. "Go up to Sim Peck's, on Madison street," he said. "He thinks he's got something on David Beasley, but won't say any more over the telephone. See what there is in it."

I picked up my hat and coat, and left the office at a speed which may be (Continued Next Week)

The **HUB**
PUSHIN CO.
DANVILLE, KY

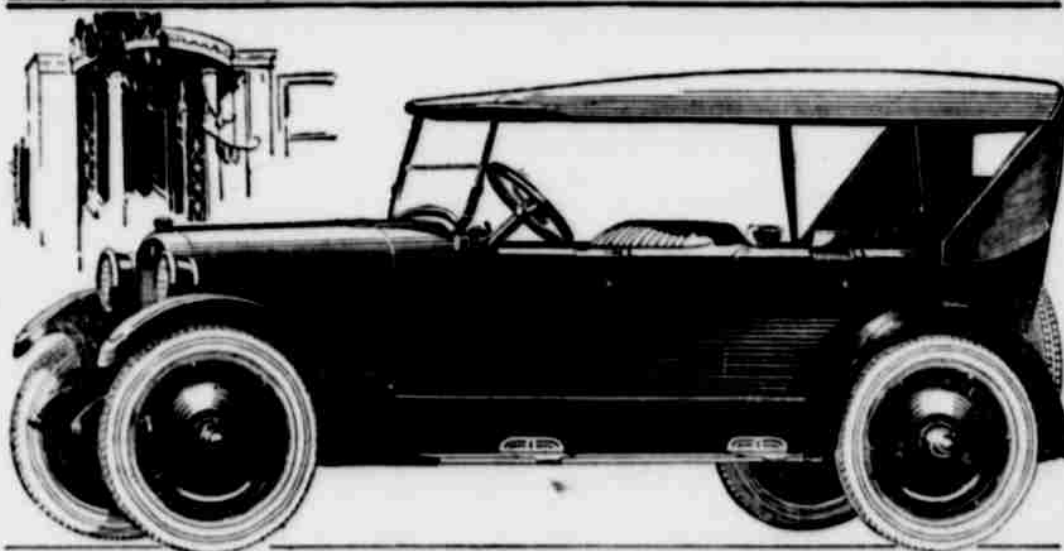
GIFTS BOTH PRACTICAL AND USEFUL

For Men Women and
Children

HERE YOU WILL FIND THAT SHOPPING FOR CHRISTMAS WILL BE A PLEASURE, FOR ON ALL SIDES ARE SCORES OF ITEMS THAT WILL PLEASE EITHER "HIM" OR "HER."

EVERYTHING FROM THE SMALLEST ITEM ON UP WILL BE FOUND HERE AT THE HUB AT PRICES THAT WILL PAY YOU TO MAKE THE TRIP TO DANVILLE.

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